



ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1733.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1858.

NUMBER 6,087.

Legal Notices.

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a Mortgage containing a power of sale, made and executed by David O. King, on the 23rd day of October, A. D. 1855, and recorded in the Land Records of Newport, at No. 165 and 166, there will be sold on the premises in Newport, on Tuesday the 1st day of June next, at 11 o'clock A. M., all the right, title and interest which the said David O. King had at the time the said mortgage was made in and to all that parcel of land situate in said Newport, bounded and described as follows, viz: commencing at the North-west corner thereof, at a point in the corner of a stone wall, which divides the heretofore granted premises from land conveyed to David O. King, by deed from Charles Potter, dated August 30, 1852, thence westerly along the center of the said wall five hundred and thirty-one feet, to the corner of Bellevue street; thence southerly along the center of Bellevue street, four hundred and eighty-three feet and three-tenths of a foot, thence westerly, six hundred and sixty-one feet to the "Spouting Horn" road; thence southerly along the center of the said road six hundred and twenty-one feet to the place of beginning, containing six acres, six hundred and twenty-one square feet, more or less, situate on land of David O. King, Easlerly on Bellevue street, southerly on lands of Joseph J. Bailey and Alfred Smith, and westerly on the Spouting Horn road.

The Newport Mercury.

IN CORNER STONE SATURDAY BY
FREDERICK A. PRATT.
GEO. C. MASON, EDITOR.
CORNER OF THAMES ST. & MARKET SQUARE.
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum, or \$1.75 if payment is made in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the lowest rates. Deduction made to those who advertise by the year.
No paper discontinued (unless at the option of the Proprietor) until arrearages are paid.

Selected Tale.

HE CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

In the fullest part of the fullest county in England, is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable town of—Bless me! I was almost betrayed, by the mere force of habit, into the imprudence of calling it by its name.

Poetry.

THE LOST ONE.

BY MARY MOWAT.

We meet around the board, thou art not there;
Over our household joys hath passed a gloom;
Hence the fire we see thy empty chair,
And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.

What hopeless longings after thee arise!
Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine;
And for the sound of thy dear little feet,
That thrills the heart, and cannot be denied.

Thou, the moon, the green leaves and the flowers,
And every living thing,
Were a strong joy to thee; thy spirit dwells
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.

Obt' what had death to do with one like thee,
Thou young and loving one: whose soul did cling,
Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,
To those that loved thee? Thou, whose tears would spring.

Dressing a short day's absence, didst thou go
Alone into the future world unseen,
Solving such awful untried mystery,
The dread unknown to know?

To be where mortal travail hath not been,
Where welcome tidings cannot come from thee?
My happy boy! and murmur I that death
Over thy young and buoyant frame had power?

In thy bright land forever perished,
Hope may not more, nor grief, nor sorrow dwell;
The beautiful are round thee; thou dost roam
Within the eternal presence; and no more
Mayest die, or pain, or separation dread;
Thy bright eyes cannot weep.

Not thy wish whom thou art thy loss deplore;
For ye are of the living, not the dead.
Thou dweller with the unseen, who hast explored
The immense unknown; thou who stoolest death
And heaven.

Are mysteries no more; whose soul is stored
With knowledge for which man hath vainly striven.
Beloved child, oh! when shall I lie down
With thee beneath fair trees that cannot fade?

When from the immortal rivers quench my thirst!
Life's journey speedeth on;
Yet for a little while we walk in shade;
Anon, by death the cloud is all dispersed;
Then o'er the hills of heaven the eternal day
Dost burst.

The Louisville, Ky. Journal contains the following, from the pen of the fair minstrel of Beechcroft:—
SPRING THUNDER.
We know by the breath of the air,
By the springing grass and the sunshine fair—
By the soft rain falling, as if in love—
The sleeping blossoms and buds above—
By the tint of green on the forest brown,
By the fallen tassels of Aspen down,
By the lilac bud and the tufted larch—
That we have done with the wayward March.

We know by the call of the nestling bird,
As she fells her mother impulse stirred,
By the venturing forth of the lonely hen,
(Like the dove sent out o'er the olive sea)
By the croak of the frog in his wallowy pond,
By the dove's low moan in the copse beyond,
By the quivering pulse and the thrilling vein,
That April laughs into life again.

But not the sunshine, the breeze, the flowers,
The tender green on the embryo flowers,
The voices of birds or the quickened sense,
Appeal with such startling eloquence
To the heart that yearns for the summer's reign,
(Weary and earth-sick from winter's chain.)
As that sound which seems through space to ring—
The first low thunder of awakened Spring!

O marvel not that the men of old
Deemed its deep music by God's controlled,
And by the power that within them stoves,
Called it the wrath of the mystic Jove—
For we are stirred with an awe profound
By that mysterious and sudden sound
Nor give we faith to the birds and bloom,
Till we hear that faint of winter's doom.

Once upon a time there happened to the said little town, a very dull bathing season—every town on the coast besides was full of company; bathers, walkers, donkey riders, saunterers and pebble gatherers; yet the luckless town of—was comparatively empty. Huge placards with "Lodgings to Let" stared everybody in the face, from every window, in every direction.

"Things of course were very flat; all ranks of people were very malignant; the shopkeepers were croaking; the proprietors of lodging houses in despair; and the few visitors who had ventured thither in hope of making pleasant acquaintances and dissipating their dullness, were sick of it."

As for that class of incurables, the resident inhabitants, they, for want of some better amusement, applied themselves with redoubled ardor to their favorite winter recreations of cards, and the most inveterate scandal of each other.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at—, when, one very hot day in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that worthy town corporate.

In the death of anything in the shape of news or variety which was felt so sensibly at—, the arrival of a stranger would have been considered a reasonable mercy, could he have been approached without the direful risk of contaminating gentility by bringing it in contact with something beneath it.

But this stranger entered the town in no questionable shape, that the very fourth and fifth rate castles in—stood aloof, holding themselves above him. Even the shopkeepers, mantua makers, and waiters at the taverns, felt their noses turn up intuitively at the sight of him.

The groups of loafers collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous comments upon him as he pursued his way, and the few fashionables that were to be seen in the streets cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, waistcoat, and, in short, a whole suit of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper and salt colored, with a black silk handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style; he wore huge sea boots pulled over his knees, and, to complete the picture, carried a large bundle in a red silk handkerchief, at the end of a stout oaken cudgel, over his shoulder.

Such was his dress; yet, to close observers of character, there was something wholly out of the common way about the lonely pedestrian. There was that expression of cool, determined courage in his large grey eyes, that whatever might be the prevailing sentiments of the community towards him, few would have been bold enough to offer him actual insult, even if he had not grasped so substantial a weapon of offence and defence as the above mentioned stout oaken cudgel, in a hand that betokened such weight of bone and a power of muscle.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savored of a seafaring life. Even his way of getting on his hat had the look of a landsman. The air of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle and trudged along, showed that he considered the opinion of the bystanders as a matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of every one; people who would not own to themselves that they thought him worth looking at once, nevertheless turned round to look at him again.

The first step he took was to search for lodgings; but these, though readily found, were not so easily obtained. It was in vain that he applied to the proprietors of every lodging house; it seemed as though he carried a bill of exclusion in his face; people that their doors on his approach, and from the genteel marine villa to the most paltry cabin, he could not find a roof that would shelter him and his bundle.

The innkeepers were equally inexorable, and it appeared doubtful whether he would be permitted to rest even the sole of his foot in the hospitable town of—.

Our pedestrian might have despaired even of obtaining a night's lodging in a place where the tide of popular opinion seemed to set so dead against him, but he was no sentimental novice; he had passed the meridian of life, and was too well acquainted with mankind not to know that while he could call to his aid a few of those potent little magicians called sovereigns, and most despotic sovereigns they are, he could ensure himself anything he pleased in the little corporation. In fact,

the prudential doubts of its inhabitants, as to the probability of his carrying any metal of that shape and color in the queerly cut pockets of the threadbare pepper and salt, was the whole and sole cause of his cool reception.

The witness of a sovereign, to which the stranger as a definite resort appealed, procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshment, at a small public house, whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travellers "Good entertainment for man and horse."

The next morning, being discommodated of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel, which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading room.

"It is no use putting down your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here," was the answer he received from the port superintendent of this place of fashionable resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir, we can not admit persons of your description upon any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description?" repeated the stranger, most emphatically grasping his trusty cudgel; "and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

"The jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied—

"Can't exactly say, sir; but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you sturdy jackass?" said the stranger, becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, sir, and never on account admit persons of your description."

"But it seems you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about who I am? And what does that important personage, Everybody, say?"

"Oh, sir, that you are a broken down old fellow, who has been a sailor, and here he cast a sidelong glance on the threadbare pepper and salt of the stranger.

The stranger regarded him for a moment with a comic expression on his features, made a profound bow, and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade, and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two or three of those important people who had, from time immemorial, invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons of the place—It is hardly possible to suppose such people would condescend to exchange a few remarks with a stranger, of whom the only particulars known were, that he trudged into town carrying his own bundle, wore a threadbare suit of pepper and salt, and slept at the Golden Lion.

all dealers in such articles, her total disbelief in everything that was said to the prejudice of her guest—a guest who showed so much good taste as to prefer her house, and sufficient honesty to pay for everything before he consumed it—which, to be sure, she promptly added, was the way in which business was always carried on at the Golden Lion.

"I wonder then, Mrs. Pagan, at your doing so unkind a thing by Jack Smith, Tom Bails, and some dozen others of your customers, as to chink up such enormous scores against them as these," said the stranger, dryly pointing with his oak stick to the hieroglyphics with which the bar was graced.

"Why, sir, to be sure, these be all 'respectable persons,' stammered Betty Pagan.

Her guest suffered to himself as he passed into the street. "Rather hard that my credit should be worse than that of Jack Smith, and Tom Bails," and the rest of Betty Pagan's customers. Faith, I must be a suspicious looking fellow. To be sure, reports like these are of a nature to give the death blow to my vanity, if that were a feeling that could be cured by mortification. I am a ugly dog, I am aware, but I did not know that my phiz was ugly looking enough to indicate an old smuggler, a broken down miller, (but for that the pepper and salt was but a) a fraudulent bankrupt, hiding from his creditors, a returned convict and a man who, having married three wives, has run away from them all!"

The habitual good temper and light hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffled, and there was a compression on his brow and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip shop, the Post Office.

The mail had just arrived, and the letters having been sorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter which had not been claimed, which excited general curiosity.

According to invariable custom, all the townspeople who had nothing to do, were assembled in or near the post office—those who expected letters to receive them, and those who did not, to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbors.

To guess their contents—either from observation of hands or seals, or happily from the expression of the countenances of the recipients, or some hint or exclamation during perusal.

The unclaimed letter was of most tempting appearance, sealed, surmounted with a boromet— to the Right Honorable Admiral Lord A—B—, and franked by the Duke A—B—.

Many were the surmises on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rank meant to honor them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter, there were plenty of engaged. The most noble duke evidently supposed that his uncle was actually there, and it was impossible for so great a man to make a mistake. Lord A—B— would doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season, to be able to announce such an arrival in the country papers, a prognostic of a visit from the Duke and the mighty Duchess.

All present were impressed with the necessity of calling an immediate town meeting, to propose presenting him with the freedom of the town, in a gilt box, which doubtless his lordship would be polite enough to take for gold.

During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town was engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle, was so great, as to betray them into the exposure of forgetting Lord A—B— in reading all that was come stable in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round readings.

How far the ardor of making discoveries would have carried some of them, I am not prepared to say—perhaps it might have led to felonious attempts on the safety of the duke seal and frank, had not the stranger (who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand through a large circle) now stepped into the midst, and making a low bow, said—

"Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with the letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, its rightful owner."

"To you?" exclaimed the whole town, franked and sealed by the Duke of A—B—, and addressed to the Admiral Lord A—B—.

"I am he, gentlemen," returned the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance around. "I see you do not think that the son of a duke can wear such a coat, and carry his own bundle on occasions. How-

ever, I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here, you Jack Braceyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your honor? No, my my Lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. "I knew your noble Lordship the moment I saw you, but I remembered your honor's humors too well to spoil sport by saluting when you thought fit to have foreign visitors."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow, and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secrets, old heart of oak. And now, gentlemen," he continued, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs." As he spoke he produced from his pocket book a bundle of letters bearing the same superscription.

The post master immediately handed him the letter, and began a string of the most elaborate apologies, which his Lordship did not stay to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled crowd mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, assembled to late of their error, waited in a body upon Lord A—B—, to apologise for their mistake, and to entreat him to honor the town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

The noble Lord was busily employed in trying up his bundle, when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time they were speaking. When they concluded, having tightened the last knot, he replied as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But you will say that I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle, and took up my quarters at a paltry ale house. Upon my word it was the only place where you would give me admittance! Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. Gentlemen, I don't do it, my rank, baggage and equipment will ensure me respect anywhere from people of your way of thinking. But, gentlemen, I am an old fellow as you say, and sometimes try vain glories, distinctions; and the manner in which I have been received here, is a most unflattering stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality of construction here. And now, gentlemen, I must inform you that I return your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and I would not spend another night in your town if you would give it to me for nothing, and so I wish you a very good evening."

As his Lordship concluded, he detached his red bundle to the end of his baggage, and shouldering it, with a dril look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of town with the same steady and independence with which he had trudged in.

The sagacious town and corporation remained thunderstruck with the adventure. However, their conduct in the affair had been too ungenerous to admit of their recriminating on each other the blame of this unlucky mistake; so they came to the wise resolution of making the best of a bad business, and directing the better repute as well as they might; moreover they determined that their town should not lose the credit of a visit from so distinguished a personage, and duly announced in the county papers, Lord A—B—'s arrival and departure from the town.

A lesson here.

Master Walters had been much annoyed by some one of his scholars who, in school, whenever he called a boy to account for such a disturbance, he would plead that he was unintentional—"he forgot all about where he was."

This became so frequent that at last the master threatened a severe punishment to the next offender. The next day, when the room was unusually quiet, a loud sharp whistle broke the stillness. Every one asserted that it was a certain boy who had the reputation of a mischief-maker and a liar. He was called up and thought with a somewhat sulky look he denied it again and again, commended to hold on his hand. At this instant, a little slender fellow, not more than 7 years old, came out, and with a very pale but decided face, held out his hand, saying as he did so, with the clear and firm tone of where he was.

"Mr. Walters, Sir, do not punish him; I whistled. I was doing a long hard sum, and in rubbing out another rubbed it out by mistake and spoiled it all, and, before I thought, whistled right out. Sir, I was very much afraid, but I could not sit there and see a lie when I knew who was to blame. You may flog me Sir, as you say you should." And with all the firmness he could command, he again held out the little hand, never for a moment doubting that he was to be punished. Mr. Walters was much affected.

"Charles," said he looking at the earnest form of the delicate child, who had made such a conquest over his natural timidity, "I would not strike you a blow for the world. No one here doubts that you spoke the truth; you did not mean to whistle. You have been a hero, Sir."

The boy went back to his seat, with a flushed face, and quietly went on with his sums. He must have felt that every eye was upon him in admiration, for the smallest scholar could appreciate the moral courage of such an action.

Charles grew up, and became a devoted, consistent Christian. Let all our readers imitate his noble, heroic conduct. Twilight Hour.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND. 1719.

In the southeast corner of Warwick (and who attended for them) according to your appointment met at Warwick the 12th of the last month) that your commissioners refused to join with them in running the line, unless they would agree and set up a line of division between the colonies from the place where the said twenty miles should terminate.

We are much surprised at the report. It was upon a memorial relating to the property of some lands supposed to be in this colony, (which memorial was signed by the Hon Samuel Cragston, Esq., your Governor, and others) that we agreed to assist by commissioners in running that line that we might be the better able to resolve concerning the right claimed; without which we could not so well answer the desire of that memorial, as the act we passed thereon (a copy of which was sent to you, will make very manifest. We had no thought at that time of settling the line between our colonies; which has too often been fruitlessly endeavored, nor is there any word in our act referring to it, so that the rejecting of our commissioners, upon the special business they were appointed to transact, because they would not proceed to another which was foreign to it, and about which there was no concert between us, is a matter which we believe you will think needs more explanation.

As for the fixing the time between us, we should be very glad if it were fairly accomplished; you know how often we have endeavored to have commissioners fully empowered for that end, and particularly once, (since that matter was by order of the crown signed before the late Earl of Belmont, when he was Governor of the Massachusetts Bay) viz at Stonington about fourteen years since; when, had the commissioner you sent, been fully empowered to determine the matter as ours were, something might have been done effectually; but for want of that power our commission (the opportunity then to discover as well as they were able, were our good intentions early put beyond the bounds of your colony as set in your charter, though as we conceive, they stretch upon the prior grant and charter of the crown made to us, and it was very manifest by the transactions at that meeting that you was not willing, if your commissioners acted according to the instructions you gave them, to rest contented with Pawcatuck River mentioned in your charter, as your bounds on the west, as far as it goes into the country towards the north unto the head thereof.

You are not ignorant how Pawcatuck river came to be named Narragansett river, purely in your favor after our charter was executed, which carried us to Narragansett Bay, and what a large addition was designed to be thereby made to your colony. It seems therefore to us the more strange that you should not rest with that river as a boundary; and a north line from the pond (which is so well known to be at the head of it) to the Massachusetts line; since that agreement between the agents of both colonies, in England (upon which foundation your charter fixes your western bounds) is what you seemed to insist upon through to us it seemed not to be of such force.

We have no doubt but whenever the matter comes to be determined, you will find yourselves under a mistake in finding to extend the bounds of your colony as far west as Warwick purchase is supposed to reach; and although we are willing, wherever might be the just right of the gentlemen who made the purchase as to the soil, should be allowed them; yet you cannot reasonably imagine we should be willing, that under that pretence you should annex it to your colony, and assume the government of it, which of right belongs to us, even according to the tenor of the agreement of our agents, upon which you have such dependence.

We have been careful since that line is in dispute, not to suffer any of our grants to be carried beyond the easternmost part or head of Pawcatuck river, as supposing it a friendly part to keep a fair distance from anything that may look like an encroachment on our neighbors.

And we cannot but think it would be fair and honorable on your part to observe the same modesty, and not advance any settlements to the westward of the known head of Pawcatuck river, which besides that, it may prove a great damage to the people settling there; so it will not express that regard to peace and good neighborhood which we willingly cultivate, and hope you will have a suitable regard to.

We are gentlemen, your very humble servants, the Governor and Company of the English colony of Connecticut, signed per order.

HEZEKIAH WILLEYS Secy.

To the Hon the Gov. and Company of His Majesty's colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

By VIRTUE of authority vested in the under- signed by the Hon. Court of Probate of the city of Newport, I will sell at Public Auction, on WEDNESDAY, the 28th day of April next, all the right, title and interest which the said William L. Merrill, deceased, had at the time of his death, in and to a certain lot of land and the dwelling house and outbuildings thereon situate in the said Newport, bounded westerly on Thames street, northerly and easterly on land late of Abraham Barker, deceased, and southerly on land of James Horwell, being the late residence of the deceased, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, and the expenses of the sale.

March 27—5w.

The above sale is adjourned to Wednesday, June 2, 1858, at 11 o'clock A. M.

May 8 OLIVIER KID, Admr.

Administrator's Notice.
THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed, and duly qualified as Administrator on the estate of
BENJAMIN H. TISDALE, JR., late of Newport, deceased, calls upon all persons having claims against said estate, to present them, and those indebted to make immediate payment to
JOSHUA SATYER, Jr., Court of Probate, City of Newport May 10, 1858.

WILLIAM P. SHEPHERD, Guardian of the Estate of
MICHAEL KOACH, late of Newport, minor, within the age of twenty one years, presents a list of claims presented to him against the estate for allowance, and prays that the same may be received and recorded, the same is read and referred to Monday the 1st day of May next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Council Chamber in the City Hall, Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

BENJ. MARSH, 24, Prob. Clk. pro tem. May 15

Court of Probate, City of Newport May 10, 1858.
GEORGE C. MASON, Administrator on the Estate of
RACHAEL ALLEN, late of Newport, deceased, calls upon all persons having claims against said estate, to present them, and those indebted to make immediate payment to
BENJ. MARSH, 24, Prob. Clk. pro tem. May 15

Court of Probate, City of Newport May 10, 1858.
LILLES L. FREEMAN, widow, makes application to the Court, requesting that she or some other suitable person be appointed Administrator on the estate of said Rachael Allen. The same is read, received and referred to Monday, the 1st day of May next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Council Chamber in the City Hall, Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

BENJ. MARSH, 24, Prob. Clk. pro tem. May 15

